

THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK MAGAZINE!

WINTER 1998

RESIDENT EVIL™ #4

- 3 ACTION-PACKED STORIES!
- READER ART AND LETTERS!

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RESIDENT EVIL

The Official Comic Book Magazine #4 - Winter 1998



In this issue:

- "Night Stalkers" - In the sleepy, southwestern town of Saguaro Wells, terror seems as remote as the ocean. When zombie bats begin to terrorize the populace, Leon Kennedy is called in. But is he truly prepared for the horror in the desert?

Story by Kris Oprisko
Art by Rafael Kayanan

- "Special Delivery" - Umbrella delivers mind-numbing horror to its enemies with stunning efficiency. One by one, the evil corporation's monstrous creations are dropped into some very unsuspecting laps from the unfriendly skies above!

Story by Marc Moskman
Art by Ryan Odagawa

- "Zombies Abroad" - The S.T.A.R.S. team tries a crash landing in Europe. But what horror will be waiting for them when — and if — they land? The continuation of last issue's "Dead Air" story!

Story by Ted Adams
Art by Norman Felchle

- The Resident Evil Files - Character profiles of Jill Valentine and our friend, the zombie.
- Epitaphs - Reader art and letters!

Credits:

Based on characters and situations from the Capcom video games Resident Evil and Resident Evil 2.

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IN THE SMALL TOWN OF
SAGUARO WELLS, THE
PACE OF LIFE IS SLOW.

NEIGHBORS KNOW EACH
OTHER'S BUSINESS, AND
BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

...AND TIMMY
JOHNSON'S BEEN
MISSIN' SINCE
TUESDAY.

I HEARD THAT
RUBY SUAREZ AND
HER BOYFRIEND ARE
MISSIN' NOW, TOO.
SOMETHIN' CRAZY'S
GOIN' ON HERE.

THEM DAMN
GANGS FROM
THE CITY ARE
COMIN'. I
TELL YA!

IF I EVER
GET MY HANDS
ON THE CREEPS,
THEY'RE--

WHAT
IN THE
HELL???

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

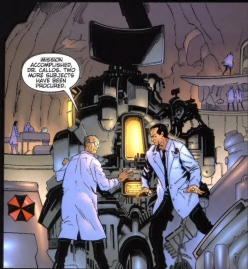
JAM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
NIGHT STALKERS

KRIS OPRISKO
STORY

RAFAEL KAYANAN
PENCILS

MARK PENNINGTON, ROB ROBBINS
MARK IRWIN, LETTERS
& JASON MINOR
INKS

WILDSTORM FX
COLORS



SARGUARD WELLS
SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

CALM
DOWN,
BOYS.

NO!
WE WANT
ACTION.

I SAY WE FORM
A POSSE AND SCOUR
THE HILLS. SARGUARD
WELLS DONE LOST
EIGHT GOOD PEOPLE
ALREADY.

NO, DAMN IT!
WE'LL DO THIS THE
PROPER WAY. I'LL
HAVE NO FRONTIER
JUSTICE PRACTICED IN
MY JURISDICTION.

I KNOW
EVERYONE'S UPSET,
AND RIGHTLY SO. I
JUST NEED MORE TIME
TO GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF THIS. GO
ON BACK HOME
NOW.

ALL THE
DISAPPEARANCES
HAVE TAKEN PLACE
AT NIGHT, SO STAY IN
YOUR HOMES COME
NIGHTFALL.

ANY VERY EVENING, A STRAY CALF KEEPS YOUNG WAYNE CAREY OUT IN THE DESERT LONGER THAN HE HAD ANTICIPATED.

HURRY UP, SHAL. WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO TOWN BEFORE IT GETS MUCH DARKER.

LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT WITH ALL THOSE RUMORS FLOATING AROUND. I DIDN'T WANT TO--



JUST--
JUST STAY
BACK.

NOT
GRACE!

SHRRKX

MROOOO



WHERE IS WAYNE? HE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK AN HOUR AGO.

WAYNE!

WE SAVED YOUR SON, SHERIFF, BUT JUST BARELY. SOME SORT OF GIANT BAT-MONSTERS WERE ATTACKING HIM.



IS HE...?


HE SHOULD BE FINE. LOOKS LIKE HE'LL JUST NEED A COUPLE STITCHES TO CLOSE THAT WOUND.



OH THANK GOD. GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL... NOW!




Officer's log. Leon S. Kennedy.
Currently en route to Mesquite
Wells, Nevada, population 473.




Strange disappearances have been taking place
around town over the last two weeks, culminating
in an attack on the sheriff's son a few days
ago. The assailants have been described as bat-
like creatures of human proportions.



The victim was taken to the
local hospital and treated for
a neck wound and loss of blood.



The next night, the victim's
vital signs became very peculiar,
and his skin began to rot.



By morning, he'd become a full-
fledged zombie. Heroic efforts
were needed to subdue the victim.

When I saw these reports come over the wire, I knew right away Umbrella had to be involved. I arranged for backup and hit the road.

After what happened in Raccoon City, I vowed to do whatever it takes to stop Umbrella, wherever they appear.

UMBRELLA
LABORATORY

BUT DR. CALLOS—

I DON'T WANT
EXCUSES! I WILL
NOT ACCEPT
ANOTHER BOTCHED
MISSION!

WE NEED ONLY ONE MORE
SUBJECT TO BEGIN THE NEXT
STAGE OF TRANSMUTATIONS. THE
COMMON RATS ARE NOT
AGGRESSIVE ENOUGH, BUT IF WE
CAN SUCCESSFULLY FUSE THE
HUMANS WITH VAMPIRE BATS,
THERE IS NOTHING THAT
CAN STOP US!

I WANT A
FULL INCUSSION
TEAM OUT AT DUSK.
IF THEY FAIL THIS
TIME, THEY'LL HAVE
YOU FOR LUNCH!

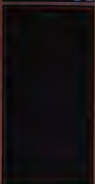
NIGHTFALL,
SAGUARO
DESERT.

EVERYONE IN
TOWN'S BEEN STAYING
IN THEIR HOMES WHILE
IT'S DARK, SO I'M
BETTING I WON'T HAVE
TO WAIT LONG FOR
THEM TO SHOW UP.

THEY NEVER
TOLD ME IN THE
ACADEMY THAT I'D
END UP AS LIVE
BAIT!

IT'S
SHOWTIME,
BABY!

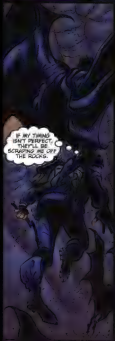




AN UNCONSCIOUS LEON IS
CARRIED ON LEATHERN WINGS
TOWARD HIS DARK FATE.

WHERE...
WHERE
AM I?

THIS MUST BE
THEIR BASE. I'VE
ONLY HAVE ONE
SHOT AT THIS, SO I
BETTER MAKE IT
COUNT.





KILL IT. ITS
GUES ANNOY
ME.



FAILURE
AGAIN! I WARNED
YOU ABOUT THIS,
VEDLEY.

SKREEEE

SKREEEE

GIR
THEY'RE
TURNING
ON US!

SUBDUE



THAT'S WHAT
MY BOYCHILD IS
ALL ABOUT.
VEDLEY. TOTAL
CONTROL.



A man with reddish-brown hair and a blue jacket is crouched on a rocky ledge, looking up at a large swarm of dark bats flying in the air. A speech bubble from him is visible. In the top right corner, a yellow text box contains a narrative update.

MOORE LATER, AS
LEON SITS PLANNING,
THE BATS RETURN
WITH THEIR AMPLESS
VICTIMS.

DAMN! A
SQUADRON OF BATS
SPREADING THE G-
VIRUS WILL BE NEXT TO
IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP.
I'VE GOT TO END
THIS NOW.



Leon and his companion are on the ground. Leon is holding a small, glowing object. A large, yellow, tentacle-like creature is coiled around them. A speech bubble from Leon is visible. In the background, there are some mechanical parts and a small box.

THIS
SHOULD
BE ALL I
NEED.



A close-up shot of Leon's face. He has a determined expression. He is wearing a blue jacket. A speech bubble from him is visible.

EVERYTHING RIDES
ON THIS TINY POCKET
GENERATOR.

AS NIGHT FALLS AGAIN OVER THE SAGUARO DESERT, THE BATS STREAM FORTH.

MINUTES LATER, LEON PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION.

BUT THIS TIME, THEY HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO GIVE DR. GALLON AND HIS TEAM SOME PEACE WHILE THEY COMMENCE THE SENSITIVE TRANSLUTATION PROCESS.

OK, LEADER ONE, I'M GOING IN. GIVE ME HALF AN HOUR, THEN RELEASE THE BIRDS.

LET'S ROCK!!







SKREEEE



BA-DA-BOOM



THANK GOD IT WORKED! I KNEW I COULD OVERLOAD THE MACHINE AND BLOW IT UP, BUT I HAD TO GAMBLE THAT THE RESULTING SONAR SHRIEK WOULD MAKE THE BATS TURN ON THEIR FORMER TORS.



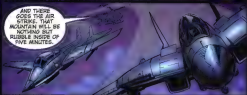
LOOKS LIKE THEY BORE A GRUDGE.

THUP THUP THUP THUP



RIGHT
ON TIME,
GUYS!

AND THERE
GOES THE AIR
STRIKE. THAT
MOUNTAIN WILL BE
NOTHING BUT
RUDELS INSIDE OF
FIVE MINUTES.



CHALK
ANOTHER ONE
UP FOR THE
GOOD GUYS!

WAY
TO GO,
LEON.

COME IN, KENNEDY.
PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO
SECTOR 38-A. WE'VE GOT
REPORTS OF MASSIVE G-
VIRUS MUTATIONS ALL
OVER THE AREA.

SO AFTER ONLY THE BRIEFEST
RESPIRE, UMBRELLA'S MOST
DEDICATED FOE HEADS FOR
HIS NEXT RENDEZVOUS WITH
DANGER. RISK WILL COME
ONLY WITH ULTIMATE VICTORY.

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY

SPECIAL DELIVERY

MARC MOSTMAN
STORY

RYAN ODAGAWA
PENCILS

JOHN TIGHE
INKS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS

WILDSTORM FX COLORS



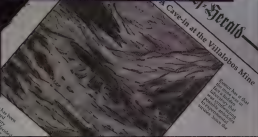




FRISON CHEMICALS, A CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING CONGLOMERATE



The Board of Directors of Frison Chemicals, a growing rival of Lumbella Corp., fell victim to an apparent "subterfuge" that turned ugly.



Some say it's just
the most recent
in a long
series of
disasters that
have plagued
the mine since the
1920s.







Nooo...
Loooooose...
ENDS...

The Resident Evil Files

Zombie

Zombies are the most common monsters, and the easiest ones to kill. You can use almost any weapon to dispose of them. They usually are found in packs. Once a human is exposed to the T-virus, he or she slowly decomposes and becomes ravenous for human flesh. Because of the bodily decay, zombies move quite slowly.

However, if you become trapped, they can kill you easily.



Jill Valentine

Age: 23

Blood Type: B

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 111 lbs.

Jill is an extremely capable soldier who has saved the lives of her teammates on numerous occasions. She is proficient with various mechanical devices, has a natural affinity for electronic equipment, and has a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry. These technical skills are balanced out by musical talent. Jill's strong moral convictions take precedence over ambition, as she fights only for what she believes in.





CONTINUED FROM 'DEAD AIR,' RESIDENT EVIL #3.

CHRIS, I
KILLED THE
PILOT.

WHO'S
FLYING THE
PLANE?

IN THE WILDSTORM RECOMMENDED SERIES
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
ZOMBIES ABROAD

TED ADAMS
STORY

NORMAN FELCHLE
ART

WILDSTORM FX
COLORS

ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS



BARRY, YOU AND
JILL KILL THE REST
OF THE ZOMBIES. I'LL
SEE WHAT I CAN DO
ABOUT LANDING
THIS THING.

FWOOSH



YOU GOT
IT, BOSS. I
DON'T THINK
THERE'S TOO
MANY LEFT.

OF COURSE.
MY S.T.A.R.S.
TRAINING NEVER
REGULATED ME TO
FLY ANYTHING
THIS BIG.



UHHMM.
I WONDER
WHAT THAT
ONE DOES?





LOWER OF LONDON,
ENGLAND.

WATCH IT,
JILL LOOKS
LIKE UMBRELLA'S
ALREADY BEEN
HERE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
LONDON, ENGLAND.



WHOA!
NICE DIGG!



MADAME TISSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM, "THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, JACK THE RIPPER EXHIBITION," LONDON, ENGLAND.

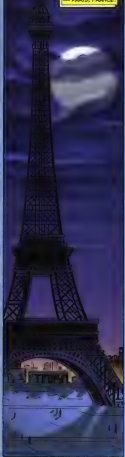
SUCK

SEE? THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY ENOUGH WITHOUT TOMBS!

MADAME TISSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM, "GRAND HALL," LONDON, ENGLAND.

DAMN IT, CHRIST! EVERYWHERE WE GO, UMBRELLA IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF US.

EIFFEL TOWER,
PARIS, FRANCE



THE LOUVRE MUSEUM,
PARIS, FRANCE.

WATCH
THE VENUS!



POW!

I DON'T THINK
WE'RE GONNA BE
INVITED BACK.

DE GOOVER WINDMILL,
AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS.

I GUESS WE
CAN RULE OUT
ENGLAND, FRANCE,
AND THE
NETHERLANDS.

BLAM!

AAAAEEEE!

PLENTY OF
DEAD ZOMBIES,
BUT NO
HEADQUARTERS.

**KYBERFEST CELEBRATION,
MUNICH, GERMANY.**

WELL AT
LEAST WE'RE
RUNNING OUT OF
COUNTRY.

YEAH, I'LL
BE GLAD TO
GET OFF THIS
TOUR.

QUECK CASTLE,
FUSSEN, GERMANY.



THIS IS IT!
ONLY MONUMENT
LEFT.



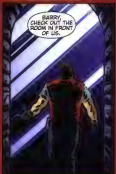
THIS PLACE IS
HUGE! LET'S SPLIT
UP SO WE CAN COVER
MORE GROUND.



I'LL TAKE
THE STAIRS.



JILL, YOU
TRY THAT DOOR
ON THE RIGHT.



BARRY,
CHECK OUT THE
ROOM IN FRONT
OF US.



CREepy PLACE.
HARD TO BELIEVE
WHAT PEOPLE WILL
DO TO EACH
OTHER.

WHAT'S
THAT?



HMMMM.
LOOKS LIKE AN
OLD PHOTO.



TWINS.
WONDER WHO
THEY ARE?



me and abe,
28th Birthday
Happy times!

M GAWDILE...

YOU COULD
FEED AN ARMY
IN HERE.

THE HELMET
ON THIS SUIT OF
ARMOR DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE IT
FITS.

WHY WOULD
SOMEONE SWITCH
THESE AROUND?

CLICK!

WHERE'D THAT
LIGHT COME
FROM?

WAIT A
MOMENTS, WHAT'S
THAT SAY?

KANE
T
VIRUS

MEANWHILE...



WOW!
THAT'S A BIG
ORGAN!



NOW WOULD
BE SO PROUD, I
CAN STILL READ
MUSIC.



WAAAA. SOUNDS
LIKE THE DEATH
PLAGUE.



ISN'T A
DRAWER?



LOOKS LIKE
IT WAS TORN OUT
OF A DIARY.

November 3
I don't know what to do
Kane injected himself and is exhibiting
some strange symptoms

November 15
Kane is worse than ever I fear that
he may be dying

November 21
Kane has disappeared
This will be my last entry
I must focus on finding an antidote.



TO BE CONTINUED...